
Title: Ballad of the Shattered Stones

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As related by Sedrik the
Amicable,
Apprentice to the Court
Composer

"I ween thou art new in
crossing this land.
Might you rest here a

while, young travelling
friend?

Shall I proffer a warm
meal and song?

I implore thee to pause
and rest until dawn.

My fire and my song
shall be thine for an eve

Which of these gifts
wouldst thou gladly
receive?"

Welcome, weary stranger!

May you find here warm
bread and the beautiful
song of my mandolin. On
a quest through Britannia,
you say? Should you rest
alongside my fire, I shall
impart the story of our
land for your
enlightenment and
entertainment.

I am considered, by all
measures, to be an
expert on these matters.

My pilgrimage as a Bard
has drawn me to the
lovely city of Britain,
though I have had
occasion to spread song
in Moonglow, Trinsic and
other townships you must
surely have seen in your
travels. A journey
through Britannia may not
be wholly understood
without the knowledge I

am inclined to impart. So
rest, gentle traveller, and
I shall begin ...

Long before the Stranger
ever entered the lands of
Sosaria and the four
continents within — the
Lands of Lord British,
the Lands of Danger and
Despair, the Lands of the
Dark Unknown, and the
Lands of the Feudal
Lords — there arose a
young wizard named
Mondain. As Mondain grew
in age and knowledge, so
grew his unquenchable
thirst for power and
discontent with mortal
life. He became obsessed
with transcending
mortality and gaining
perpetual life. Eventually,
he learned of the
treasured Gem of
Immortality, which grants
unimaginable power and
everlasting life to its
owner. Surely, you have
heard of this?

Now it is my opinion, as
shared by most historians
in this kingdom, that
Mondain's desire for
immortality tainted with
greed the moral wisdom
usual to those who study
the power of magic. His
wishful longing for the
Gem became all-consuming,
and after much anguish,
he was led to willfully
murder the keeper of the
Gem — his father.

Mondain's name is still
cursed in Britannia to
this day, for anyone that
turns a sword against
those of his own blood
for selfish gain is
believed to eternally align
himself with the Dark
Forces. But, that is a
subject for another eve.
To truly understand our
present hatred for

Mondain, you must know
more ...

After securing the Gem
as his own, Mondain made
plans to use it in a
ritual that would give him
ultimate power. During
the ceremony that was
to forever bind the Gem
to Mondain, the Gem
captured an image of the
entire land, save the
wielder of the ritual —
Mondain himself.

Once imbued with the
power of immortality,
Mondain used the Gem as
a means to rule the
world — until a
Stranger arrived,
determined to destroy the
very source of Mondain's
existence. Having
journeyed for years
throughout Sosaria, this
Stranger's quest was to
free the land and people
from Mondain's dark,
shadowy rule. After many
battles, he travelled to
the ruler's lair and felled
the evil sorcerer by
shattering the gem. As
the essence of
immortality was loosed
upon the land, the very
fabric of the universe
began to unravel. And
with the power of the
Gem gone, Mondain himself
was eliminated.

We in Britannia celebrate
this ever-elusive stranger
one day each year as the
Hero Who Smote Mondain,
for alas, he parted and
left no name behind for
his legacy. Had he
endured a longer stay,
perhaps the catastrophe
wrought by the release
of Mondain's greed might
have been lessened. Were
it not for the benevolent
spirits watching over the
world, Britannia might not
exist today.

You see, concerned by
the results of the
natural course of events
— whereby one man's
quest for ultimate power
nearly annihilated a world
— our guardian spirits
set into motion a plan to
ensure that the land
would come under the
rule of the right. Aware
of the devastation caused
by the destruction of the
Gem, they seized hold of
the fabric of time and
space and re-wove the
fibers of Sosaria, which
today we call Britannia. It
is popularly believed that
the ridges lining this
island represent the
mending seams, though
this may be a fancy.
It is also rumoured that
when the Gem was
shattered, thousands of
splintered fragments
scattered across the
universe. Within each
facet purportedly lies the
very image of Sosaria,
just as it was captured
during Mondain's ritual.
No mortal has yet found
the means to find or
reassemble these
fragments, though as a
historian, I am particularly
curious as to their
existence. Would I not
give but my very life for
a spell to reverse the
flow of time to unveil
this bit of history!
Perhaps one day, another
Stranger will arrive —
one similar to yourself
— who has the
wherewithal to answer
such questions.

— Sedrik the Amicable